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MONDAY, MAY 3, 1926

WHOLE NO. 527

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## THE BROADWAY TRANSLATIONS THIRTEEN VOLUMES

A series of translations which is attaining considerable importance is known as The Broadway Translations. The volumes are published with the imprint of Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, London, and Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York. They bear no dates.

Since the Series includes translations both of classical and of medieval works, it has a double claim on readers of THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY, especially in these days in which, in our own country as well as abroad, so much effort is being expended to create an interest in the rich mine of materials contained in the writings of medieval Latin authors.

The volumes which readers of THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY should know are the following.

(1) Petronius the Satyricon. By J. M. Mitchell (\$3.00). Of this I wrote in THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY 18.25-27.

(2) Ovid. The Lover's Handbook. A Complete *<Verse>* Translation of the Ars Amatoria. By F. A. Wright (\$3.00). This was reviewed by Mr. Jacob Hammer, in THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY 18.109-110.

(3) Alciphron: Letters From the Country and the Town, of Fishermen, Farmers, Parasites and Courtesans. By F. A. Wright. Pp. 221 (\$3.00).

The Introduction (1-35) deals with The Beginnings of Romance. Special attention is given to Xenophon, Cyropaedia (5-6), "almost the first example of imaginative prose" (5), to Lucian (10-13), Alciphron (13-20), Longus, author of Daphnis and Chloe (20-27), and Heliodorus, author of the Aethiopica (27-34). Mr. Wright mentions, in connection with Lucian, Alciphron, Longus, and Heliodorus, modern writers who, in his judgment, used the ancient author as a model. The concluding paragraph of the Introduction runs as follows (34-35):

As a matter of fact, it is to one of the four Greek masters that nearly every modern novel traces, and sometimes a novelist will use all four models in turn. Such a typical modern as Mr. Compton Mackenzie, for example, follows Lucian in *Sylvia Scarlett*, Longus in *Guy and Pauline*, Alciphron in *Rich Relatives*, and Heliodorus in *The Passionate Eloquence*. As for the extreme psychologists, Proust in *A la recherche du temps perdu*, and Joyce in *Ulysses*, they are merely retracing their steps. They have already reached the extreme limits to which the substance of the psychological novel can be stretched. A little more straining and the form will collapse, and we shall be back with Plato again.

In the volume entitled Harvard Essays in Classical Philology, 67-96 (Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1912), there was a paper, An Ancient Letter-Writer—Alciphron, by Professor Carl Newell Jackson.

I give Letter I, 5, one of the fishermen's letters, in two versions, the first that of Professor Jackson (page 76), the second that of Mr. Wright (page 44):

### *Naubates to Rhothius*

You think you are the only rich man because you can entice my hands into your employ by the bait of better wages. This you can naturally do, for a cast of your net lately brought up some golden Darics, relics of the sea-fight at Salamis, when a Persian vessel, I suppose, sank with her crew and stores, and when Themistocles, the son of Neocles, raised that great trophy over the Medes in the time of our ancestors. As for me, I am content to provide for my necessities by the daily labor of my hands. But if you are rich, use your riches justly. Let your wealth serve honor and virtue, not wickedness.

### *Joe Boatwright to Fred Foamer*

You think you are the only wealthy man amongst us and try to ensnare my servants with higher wages and get them to your house. I am not surprised. The other day a cast of your net brought you a pile of golden sovereigns, relics perhaps of the battle of Salamis from some Persian galley that sank there, crew, cargo, and all, in the time of our ancestors when Themistocles, son of Neocles, raised the great trophy over the Persians. I for my part am content if I provide myself with a bare sufficiency by the daily work of my hands. If you are rich, combine riches with fair dealing: let your money be a servant, not in wrong doing but in honourable conduct.

Mr. Wright has attempted to translate into striking forms the names of writer and recipient. He has essayed throughout the letters of the fishermen, the farmers, and the parasites this highly fascinating, but extremely dangerous procedure. "Boatwright" is not the meaning of *Ναυδρῆς*. That word, of course, means nothing more striking than 'One who goes on (by) a ship', 'Sea-farer'. On the other hand, "Foamer" is a feeble rendering of *Πόθεος*. 'Boomer', 'Breakers' would here come closer to the truth. It is fine to be effective, but it is better to be correct, still better to be at once effective and correct. Another inaccuracy in Mr. Wright's rendering, above, due also to the desire to be 'modern' and 'effective', is the mention of "sovereigns" as found in a Persian galley that was sunk at Salamis!! These things mar a performance in many respects excellent.

(4) A Book of 'Characters' from Theophrastus; Joseph Hall, Sir Thomas Overbury, Nicolas Breton, John Earle, Thomas Fuller, and Other English Authors; Jean De La Bruyère, Vauvenargues, and Other French Authors. Compiled and Translated by Richard Aldington, With an Introduction and Notes (\$5.00).

The Introduction (1-26) deals with "Character-Writing" from Greek times down to the eighteenth century. Mr. Aldington, opposing Sir Richard Jebb, is inclined to think that Aristotle, not Theophrastus, invented the 'Character' (3-5). All the thirty extant

Characters of Theophrastus are given. Further, the whole text is reproduced (25-26): "the translator felt it unnecessary to feign a moral delicacy greater than that of the successor of Aristotle..." This last group of words is, to my mind, disingenuous; it might open the door wide to much indecency. Indeed, one senses that the pieces thus far selected for publication in *The Broadway Translations* skirt, in theme at least, perilously close to the line of what would be regarded by many, to-day, as somewhat reprehensible in contents and in tone. It is to be noted, however, that in the *Translations* the proprieties have been observed.

(5) *The Girdle of Aphrodite. The Complete Love Poems of the Palatine Anthology.* By F. A. Wright. Pp. xxxvii + 316 (\$3.00).

The contents are as follows:

Introduction (vii-xxxvii: The Anthology, vii-xiii; The Poets of the Fifth Book, xiii-xxi; Love in Greek Literature, xxi-xxxi; Translation and Translators, xxxi-xxxvii); The Anthology, <Translated> (313 Pieces: 1-313); Index of Authors (315-316).

Mr. Wright is concerned with Book 5 of the Anthology. In his Chapter on Love in Greek Literature he dwells vigorously on the degraded position of women in Athenian society and in Attic literature. Quot homines, tot sententiae! In *Classical Philology* 20.1-25 (January, 1925), Mr. A. W. Gomme, of the University of Glasgow, takes issue with the view championed by Mr. Wright (this is the prevailing view).

There is no space to give any of Mr. Wright's versions of the poems in this book of the Anthology. Elsewhere I supply evidences by which the reader may judge of his powers as a translator.

(6) *The Poets of the Greek Anthology. A Companion Volume to the Girdle of Aphrodite. With Biographical and Critical Prefaces.* By F. A. Wright. Pp. xi + 260 (\$3.00).

The contents of the volume entitled *The Poets of the Greek Anthology* are as follows:

Introduction (vii-xi); The Alexandrians (3-73: Asclepiades of Samos, 3-23, Leonidas of Tarentum, 27-51, Callimachus of Cyrene, 53-73); The Women Poets (77-98); The Syrians (161-173: Antipater of Sidon, 101-118, Meleager of Gadara, 121-149, Philodemus the Epicurean, 155-173); Greeks of the Empire (177-198); The Byzantines (201-250: Palladas of Alexandria, 201-221, Paul the Silentiary, 225-242, Agathias and the Cycle, 245-259); Bibliography (260).

It is rather odd that this volume forms part of a series of translations. It consists in the main of discussions of various poets whose pieces have survived in *The Greek Anthology*. To be sure, translations of those pieces are given here and there, but they form only a small percentage of the entire work.

In *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 12.57 I called attention to the excellent translation, by W. R. Paton, of *The Greek Anthology* (complete: Loeb Classical Library). In 15.181-182, under the caption *Miscellaneous Translations*, I commented on versions of selections from *The Greek Anthology*, versions made by Messrs. Richard Aldington and Alexander Lothian, and I mentioned a fine chapter on *The Greek Anthology*, by Sir Edward Cook, in his book, *More Literary Recre-*

*ations* (London, Macmillan, 1919). See pages 297-356.

(7) *The Mirror of Venus. Love Poems and Stories from Ovid's Amores, Medicamina Faciei Feminae, Ars Amatoria, Remedia Amoris, Heroidae<sup>1</sup>, Fasti, and Metamorphoses.* Translated by F. A. Wright. Pp. vii + 300 (\$3.00).

The contents of *The Mirror of Venus* are as follows: Introduction (1-38); Selections from the Earlier Poems (43-71); Letters from the Heroines (73-130); Episodes from the Fasti (131-171); Stories from the Metamorphoses (173-300).

The selections from the *Heroines* include I, Penelope to Ulysses; II, Phyllis to Demophoon; V, Oenone to Paris; VI, Hypsipyle to Jason; XIV, Hypermnestra to Lynceus; XV, Sappho to Phaon.

The Introduction deals with Love in Latin Poetry. The translations are all in verse, in varying meters. Amores 3.9.1-18 is thus rendered (61):

#### The Dead Poet

Weep, Roman Elegy, weep for thy son  
Thine own Tibullus, chieftest of thy fame.  
Upon the pyre he lies, his life race done;  
Weep with loose locks responsive to thy name,  
E'en as Aurora Memnon wept of yore,  
As Thetis wept Achilles on the shore.

See how in grief the child of Venus goes,  
His drooping pinions and his beaten breast!  
With quiver overturned and broken bows,  
The torch once gleaming now to ashes pressed.  
His lips are shaken with a mournful sigh  
And tear-wet on his neck his ringlets lie.

No more he grieved when from Iulus' halls  
Aeneas his dear brother dead was borne,  
And that same sorrow Venus now recalls  
As when Adonis by the boar was torn.  
Truly we bards are dear to those on high;  
We too have something of divinity.

How could so good a versifier and translator as Mr. Wright have accepted the rhyme in his last two lines? I give part of Mr. Wright's rendering of the Pyramus and Thisbe story (*Metamorphoses* 4.94.127: pages 210-211):

Then Thisbe oped the door and with veiled face  
Went all unnoticed to their trysting-place,  
And by the tomb sat down beneath the tree,  
Made bold by love. But in the darkness, see  
A lioness, her jaws adrip with blood,  
Who to the spring side came and drinking stood.  
The maiden looked, and to the cavern sped  
Leaving her cloak behind her as she fled.  
The beast, with thirst allayed, the garment found,  
Its owner safe, and dragged it o'er the ground,  
With bloody jaws and rent it all around.

The youth drew near; and at that grievous sight,  
The cloak besmeared with blood, cried loud,

"This night  
Shall bring two lovers to their death, for she  
Deserved to live: she died for love of me.  
Mine is the fault: why did I bid her come  
To face these dangers and to leave her home  
While I was absent? Come, ye lions, rend  
My guilty limbs as well, and make an end:  
Or else this sword upon me death shall send."

So did he speak, and took the mangled gown  
To where the shadow of the tree was thrown.

<sup>1</sup>So the 'jacket' of the book!!

He kissed the stuff, and cried as his tears fell—  
 "You shall be reddened by my blood as well;"  
 Then at the word drew forth his trusty blade,  
 And with one thrust an end of living made.  
 His blood gushed out like water from the main,  
 When some lead pipe has broken with the strain  
 And lets the captive stream to heaven rise,  
 Escaping from the hissing orifice.  
 The tree ensanguined with the crimson dye  
 Was reddened to its roots; and that is why  
 Still runs with blood the juice of mulberry.

If the ghosts of the original authors and developers of the Pyramus and Thisbe story were offended by Ovid's slyly humorous treatment of this tale, they have ample vengeance in Mr. Wright's rhymes, *blood, stood, come, home, gown, thrown, rise, orifice, why, mulberry*, and in his murderous three lines, "His blood ... orifice", which turn Ovid's burlesque into riotous farce. Mr. Wright has, also, omitted much that is in Ovid.

(8) Three Plays of Plautus. The Slip-Knot (*Rudens*), The Crock of Gold (*Aulularia*), The Trickster (*Pseudolus*). Pp. 330 (\$3.00).

In the volume entitled Three Plays of Plautus, Mr. Wright translates the *Rudens*, Mr. Lionel Rogers, Head Master of King's College, the other two plays. Mr. Wright also contributes an Introduction (1-50), dealing with Plautus: His Life and Times (1-16), Plautus the Poet (17-25), The Plautine Theatre (27-47), Bibliography (48-50: Manuscripts, 48, Editions and Commentaries, 49, English Translations, 49-50).

What Mr. Wright has to say of Plautus's life and more especially of Plautus as poet I like, on the whole, very much. The caption, The Plautine Theatre, is, however, quite misleading. This part of the book has nothing at all to do with the theater as a structure, or with the production of plays at Rome. It consists rather of an account, necessarily brief, of each of the surviving plays, except the very fragmentary *Vidularia*. On pages 46-47 Mr. Wright sums up thus:

This then is the Plautine theatre, a larger number of plays than remains of any *<other>* ancient dramatist, Euripides coming next with eighteen. That they are of very varying merit has already been granted, and a reader who began with the *Trinummus*, proceeded to the *Poenulus*, and ended with the *Mercator* would probably finish with a feeling of some disappointment. But in most of the plays our author's comic genius carries him triumphantly over the dullness and triviality of his Greek originals; and, taken all in all, there is no playwright in any language, save Aristophanes, who for sheer humour can be matched with him.

I have a very high regard for Plautus. I feel convinced that, should the Greek originals of all his plays be found, a comparative study of those originals and of Plautus's plays would emphasize, markedly, the impression that close and ardent students of Plautus bring away from their study—that of a forceful and original genius, a man who, in his sphere, could do what Vergil did in so very different a sphere, and what Shakespeare did in his, i. e. borrow widely only to make the borrowings his own, to transform and transmute them into something new. But, in the present state of our knowledge, or lack of knowledge, of the non-existent originals of Plautus's plays, what justification

has Mr. Wright for characterizing those originals as dull and trivial? Here, as elsewhere in his Introductions, and in his captions (e. g. in those to the Letters of Alciphron: see above, page 195), Mr. Wright's tendency to be 'smart' and to write striking phrases has carried him away.

The bibliographical matter is at once inadequate and badly presented. At the time this book was made ready for the press, Mr. Wright had seen only the first two volumes of Professor Paul Nixon's translation of Plautus (Loeb Classical Library). Of this he says (50), "Mr. Nixon is handicapped by using the prose form, but he gets much nearer the real spirit of Plautus than any of his predecessors".

I can give only one specimen from the translations, and that shall be Mr. Rogers's version of *Aulularia* 713-726 (pages 224-226)<sup>2</sup>. Euclio, the miser, after all his efforts to conserve his pot of gold, has lost it. He rushes on the stage in wild excitement:

I'm perish'd, murder'd, done!  
 Where run, where not to run?  
 Stop, stop him! Who stop who? *<sic!>*<sup>3</sup>  
 I know not what to do!  
 There's nothing that I see;  
 I walk blind; verily  
 Whither I go, this place,  
 Nay, even my very face,  
 I cannot surely find  
 And settle in my mind.

(Rushes down to audience.)  
 I call you to my aid.

(To one of them.)  
 Yes, you I begg'd and pray'd;  
 You'll show me, will you not,  
 The man who stole my Pot?

(To another.)

You! I can trust to you;  
 Your face betrays you true.  
 Laugh? Ah! I know you all!  
 Thieves are there several  
 Disguised with dye and dress  
 Sitting in righteousness!

(To others.)

Not one of these? I'm done!  
 Tell me who's got it. None?  
 O pitiable plight!  
 Damn'd, desperately dight!  
 This day has brought to me  
 Hunger and poverty;  
 There waits me but a morrow  
 Of groaning and foul sorrow.  
 Of all on earth I'm worst.  
 Why need I live, who first  
 Have lost the pile of gold  
 That carefully I holed,  
 And then myself have cheated?  
 Now therefore, thus defeated,  
 And ruin'd—yes, I swear it!  
 Men laugh? I cannot bear it!

In the version of Professor Paul Nixon (Loeb Classical Library) the passage runs as follow:

I'm ruined, I'm killed, I'm murdered! Where shall I run? Where shan't I run? Stop thief! Stop thief! What thief? Who? I don't know! I can't see! I'm all in the dark! Yes, yes, and where I'm going, or where I am, or who I am—oh, I can't tell, I can't think! ... Help, help, for heaven's sake, I beg you, I implore you! Show the man that took it. Eh, what's that?

<sup>2</sup>The lines of the translation are not numbered.

<sup>3</sup>In the Latin, Euclio does not forget his grammar.

What are you grinning for? I know you, the whole of you! I know there are thieves here, plenty of 'em, that cover themselves up in dapper clothes, and sit still as if they were honest men. (*to a spectator*) You, sir, what do you say? I'll trust you, I will, I will. Yes, you're a worthy gentleman; I can tell it from your face. Ha! None of them has it? Oh, you've killed me! Tell me, who has got it, then? You don't know? Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear! I'm a ruined man! I'm lost, lost! Oh, what a plight! Oh, such a cruel, disastrous, dismal day—it's made a starveling of me, a pauper! I'm the forlornest wretch on earth! Ah, what is there in life for me when I've lost all that gold I guarded, oh, so carefully! I've denied myself, denied my own self comforts and pleasures; yes, and now others are making merry over my misery and loss! Oh, it's unendurable! Professor Nixon, it will be seen, uses prose. He thus loses entirely the effect of the varying meters of the original. But, after all, I much prefer his version to Mr. Rogers's. It is closer to the Latin, and certainly far more helpful to one who has the Latin text before him.

At the Eleventh Annual Meeting of The Classical Association of New England, held at Brown University, April 7-8, 1916, Professor Francis G. Allinson read a paper entitled *The Transvaluation of Greek and Latin*. He held that transvaluation, as distinguished from translation, must give not merely the bald content of the original, but the form, the style, the environment of that original. I quote now from the abstract of his paper published in the Proceedings of the meeting:

Rogers's versions of *Aristophanes* are, as a whole, a happy combination of both purposes. Murray's *Euripides* varies, on occasion, in fulfilling both, one of the two, or neither . . .

Three propositions were advanced: 1st The ideal *<printed>* translation must be faithful, containing neither more nor less than the original thought, and must aim to reproduce also the style and form (where possible) of the original. 2nd The English version must be readable (not less, and not more so than the original.) Raciness (when this is an existing element) can and must be obtained without introducing anachronistic words and ideas. If the flavor and the *milieu* of antiquity are obliterated there is no good reason for translating the Classics at all; modern writers, unhampered by the translator's fetters, can better appeal to the passing mood . . .

3rd Only a scholar can pronounce on the merits of a translation. This is undemocratic but it is not arbitrary (cf. Matthew Arnold *On Translating Homer*, p. 168).

Certainly, Mr. Wright's "golden sovereigns", in place of Persian darics, in his translation of Alciphron (see above, page 195), the smartness of the captions which he invents for the Letters of Alciphron, and not a little of Mr. Rogers's version of Plautus sin against one or the other of these canons. Professor Nixon's translation sins at times by excessive raciness.

(*To be Concluded*)

CHARLES KNAPP

#### THE FEMINISM OF MENANDER<sup>1</sup>

In actual practice the number of gradations of depreciation and appreciation of women are infinite,

<sup>1</sup>This paper was read at the Nineteenth Annual Meeting of The Classical Association of the Atlantic States, held at Swarthmore College, May 1-2, 1925.

but the logical subdivisions of feminism and of anti-feminism are fortunately fewer. As a basis for the present discussion I propose to reduce them to four. One may suppose women to be essentially like men or else unlike them. Furthermore, either of these views is compatible with a belief in the equality, the superiority, or the inferiority of women. The antifeminist may accordingly dislike women as being different from men and inferior to them, or as being similar to men but not so adequately endowed with the same qualities. The feminist, on the other hand, may maintain that women are not inferior because they are precisely like men, or he may maintain that there is a double standard and that women may without resembling men have virtues of their own that make them equal or superior to the other sex. If I have any thesis to prove in this present paper, it is the proposition that Menander among other excellences notably surpassed other Greek writers whose works are extant in that he not only recognizes that women are not as men are, having peculiar virtues of their own, but he also takes pleasure in idealizing womanly qualities and in emphasizing the improvement that may be effected in a man when he falls in love with a womanly woman.

Since the ideal of the womanly woman happens to be peculiarly mid-Victorian, there is danger that in my appreciation of Menander I may seem to be a *laudator temporis acti* and to be depreciating whatever progress has been made since those days of chivalry and patronage. I wonder if anyone would contradict me if I were to assert that the heroines of Dickens, in so far as they are idealized, are given in overflowing measure the virtues of submission and loyalty to the other sex. Trollope's favorite heroines take an unbelievable delight in effacing themselves and grovelling at the feet of their heroes. Meredith's Diana is an exception of the sort that proves the rule. The mid-Victorian heroine belongs to a social ideal probably more alien to our own even than that of Menander. Whether Greek women in Menander's time actually possessed as much freedom as Englishwomen or Frenchwomen of a century or half a century ago can not be proved by a comparison of the ideals represented in literature. Indeed, I do not propose to discuss how far the literary treatment of women by an author reflects either the actual conditions of his day or the author's own unexpressed convictions. I shall simply discuss views of women and their relation to men as they are given in the author's works, quite apart from other considerations. In his writings, at least, Menander is fully as modern as the mid-Victorians. In order, however, that we may not condemn him offhand as a laggard in comparison with the advanced thought of the present day, it will be well to consider the attitude of his forerunners and to give him whatever credit he deserves as a pioneer in this field.

Beginning our review of Greek literature with the works of Homer, we find in them two women of ideal stature, Andromache, the wife, and Nausicaa, the maid. As ideal portraits they could hardly be surpassed. Of the two, Nausicaa is the more modern; she is perhaps

the most up-to-date maiden in ancient literature. Homer and Menander are distinguished among ancient writers not only for the universality and the vividness of their representations of character; they are also remarkable for the charm that clings to their ideal women. In both respects they stand without a rival in literature until Shakespeare arrives, possessing a genius marvellously akin to theirs. If Homer, however, equals Menander in quality of women depicted, he certainly comes far short in quantity. Menander wrote more than a hundred plays and each, so Ovid tells us, had its love story; hence each must have represented a woman who was loved, *ergo* a lovable woman. The feminism of an author, moreover, depends largely on his view of the relation between the sexes. In Homer men are always the masters, unless the lady be, like Calypso, a goddess. References to women who influenced men whether for good or for ill are so rare as to be almost nonexistent. We conclude that, if Homer discovered before Aristotle the secret that love makes the world go round, he failed to publish it, thereby neglecting the opportunity to insert romantic touches in the Iliad's tale of conjugal infidelity and in the Odyssey's story of loyal wedlock.

It is unnecessary to list the authors, beginning with Hesiod and the story of Pandora, who consider woman the source of all evil, if they deign to notice her at all. Sappho should have been a feminist, if she was anything, but she seems to have lived mostly in a world of women, ignoring men except as necessary adjuncts to a wedding feast. She was too romantic about her girls to think of them in relation to anyone but herself. We must pass on to the Attic tragedians, if we are looking for interpretation of the significance of sex and sex-relations.

With regard to Aeschylus, it is a notable fact that his women are treated as no less important than his men. In his Prometheus Bound, for example, the unmerited suffering of Io is as much a problem as that of Prometheus. Again, in the Persians it is Atossa, the mother of Xerxes, who embodies the majesty of Persia in her own character; the chorus is decidedly subordinate to her. Aeschylus in fact, studying, as he does, by choice the problems of wrong and suffering, treats with especial sympathy the woman who suffers, because she is so much more helpless than the man. Besides Io, Cassandra (in the Agamemnon), the daughters of Danaus, and the women of Thebes (in The Seven against Thebes) are passive onlookers and sufferers. In Clytemnestra, however, we find a woman wronged who strikes for herself. Yet even in her case we have more than a suggestion from Aeschylus that she wrought for her lover Aegisthus, and was not so much a free agent as the instrument of an avenging fury. In Aeschylus, as in Homer, men are the masters. Orestes attains to peace, but Clytemnestra may not, nor may any other woman in Aeschylus attain triumph and happiness through her own efforts. Aeschylus, for all his sympathy, looks upon a world in which women are definitely under the sway of men.

Turning next to Sophocles, we find in his works a

totally different atmosphere. One of his favorite characters is the model woman who says little, respects the ordinances of God and man, and yields loving obedience in all things to her menfolk, without venturing to assert even the right to criticize. Such are Chrysothemis, Jocasta, Tecmessa, Ismene, Deianira, and the Antigone of the Oedipus at Colonus. One can almost say of Sophocles what Lowell said of Fennimore Cooper:

All his women from one model don't vary,  
As sappy as maples, and flat as a prairie.

Not quite, for in the Antigone and in the Electra the female protagonist is made up of independence and energy. Does Sophocles then rank as a feminist? No, for the virtues he gives his heroines are masculine virtues. Of strictly feminine virtues Sophocles knows only the virtue of subservience to man. Electra has only one womanly quality, and that is a stage convention: she laments her fate. Antigone has the further feminine quality, which she shares with Jocasta and Deianira, of committing suicide in silence. Even Electra and Antigone in their resistance to authority are actuated solely by loyalty to men, Electra to her father and Antigone to her brother. Deianira is perhaps the most Sophoclean of all heroines. So little existence has she apart from her mighty husband Heracles, that he as hero of the play holds the stage, as it were, by proxy, through his wife, and in the Trachinia we have the technical *tour de force* of a play in which the hero does not appear till the last act. The modern reader misses his cue and becomes interested in Deianira; he would like the play to end when she considerably commits suicide and leaves the stage to the dying Heracles. Sophocles and his contemporaries, on the contrary, were in no danger of forgetting that the play was about Heracles. Deianira interested them chiefly as the instrument through which fate shaped the destiny of Heracles. Sophocles is the most masculine of poets. His women must be men or nothing. The love of woman is for him a particularly disastrous form of madness and in representing women as they ought to be his favorite device is to make them go out quietly and slay themselves with as little ado as possible.

As for Euripides, who is next to be considered, it has been pretty well agreed from the beginning that in his treatment of women he tended to depict them as they are—or, perhaps, as they were. Any disagreement among critics has had to do with the question whether this frankness was due to love or to hatred. His own generation assumed that hatred must have prompted his disclosures of what they took to be woman's true nature. Our generation, grown sophisticated and recognizing in him a forerunner of Ibsen and of Shaw, have taken the other view and have looked upon him as an earnest champion of oppressed womankind. For indeed no one can deny that Euripides does on the stage present the woman's case. His women suffer and die, but they are not condemned to suffer in silence, as are Sophocles's. Like the slaves, the peasants, and the beggars, women plead their own case in some plays at least of Euripides, most notably, perhaps, in the Medea.

Euripides puts himself in the place of the ill-used woman and lends her his rhetoric and his poetic diction to express the feelings that he would have in her place. His heroines, like Bernard Shaw's, talk not like real women; they deliver rather a homily on their situation which springs entirely from their author's brain.

Yet nowhere are the limitations on woman's activity clearer than in the plays of Euripides. His women do not, like Antigone, assume masculine virtues. They can show nobility only by giving up life with a sublimity of selfsacrifice that goes even beyond what was normally expected of them. Such are Alcestis, Polyxena, and Iphigenia, among others. It is characteristic of Euripides, in contrast with Sophocles, to aim at exciting among his audience sympathy and pity for the rebellious victim of an unkind environment instead of filling the audience with awe by depicting some stoical hero crushed by irresistible misfortune multiplied out of all proportion to his fault. Nevertheless, Euripides, while speaking for the downtrodden, never forgets that those who are trodden upon are likely to acquire unpleasant traits. But even so, his male characters, no matter how unfortunate they may be, do not act with wild and savage malice, as do Medea, Phaedra, Creusa, Hecuba, and the rest of the list. Euripides knows that women are not like men, and, while he pleads their case, he still betrays the conviction that, in so far as women are not like men, they are perverse, morbid, and untrustworthy. If Euripides was a feminist at all, he belongs to the type not unknown to-day, who set as the goal of achievement for women the right and the power to do all that may become a man. Euripides's women had not attained that goal and Euripides could not idealize them until they did. He recognized that men and women were not alike, but he did not therefore love women; he did not love them at all, any more than Bernard Shaw does. In this phase, at least, he was purely intellectual, an unmoved mover; he wrote the brief for woman, but in the end we have a brief and no woman—never, for instance, a woman like the women who live in the lines of Homer, of Menander, or, greatest of all, Shakespeare. Euripides is both a feminist and a woman-hater. The man who lets himself be swayed by woman's love is represented by Euripides as contemptible. Menelaus is an excellent example of such. Achilles, the ideal hero, is more reserved. In the Iphigenia at Aulis he expresses admiration, never love, when he contemplates the bliss of wedlock with Iphigenia. In the Alcestis there is just a hint that a man may be the better for feeling the need of a woman, but that is a fairy story, and Euripides long outlived such illusions.

Still less trace of woman's love is there in Plato, to pass on to another champion of woman. The great lawgiver would have forbidden, so far as he was able, in his ideal state, any concession to sex whatsoever. The difference between male and female was no more important in his logic than the color of the eyes or the abundance or the absence of hair. He was *par excellence* the academic feminist, champion of all, but lover of none.

We may now safely assert that up to this point we have found no one in extant Greek literature who, like Menander, in addition to recognizing that women are different from men, teaches that men need the companionship and guidance of women, that the man who does not love a woman devotedly and sympathetically is incomplete, and idealizes the womanly woman until the virtues of mere man—those virtues which the old-fashioned feminist would have foisted upon his sometimes willing victims—are seen through his eyes as vainglory and tinsel by comparison with the genuine luster of strictly feminine worth. So far as we know, it was reserved for Menander to be first in this field, and to lead the way for almost all who come after, for his contribution to feminism has been of lasting effect even up to the present day. His was the theme of love triumphant, and that theme, though perhaps less universally celebrated in literature now than it was sixty years ago, has nevertheless not by any means been superseded as yet, and this in spite of the fact that in the hands of Menander's successors the idea has become hackneyed and shopworn. Many have talked of love who represented it cheaply and unworthily on the stage or in the novel. Menander was a creator and a genius; he knew, as no one since has known, how to present his theme in a setting so utterly appropriate to it that, for all his idealization of woman, the critic could still say, 'O Life, O Menander, which is the copy?'

The view I have here set forth is, perhaps, a view that to the literal-minded cannot be fully demonstrated. One may of course in the first place point out that ancient critics in general considered Menander supremely excellent as a depicter of character, and that the love of Menander and Glycera, his lady fair, was such as to become a parable and an inspiration for later generations of lovers. Furthermore, there exist two plays of Menander in which we can study for ourselves his interpretation of woman's influence on man. Fragments and adaptations are unfortunately useless for this purpose, for, just as Shakespeare could by retouching an insignificant play suddenly bring to life characters that had been so many posturing dolls, so the adapters of Menander had the gift of presenting the people of his dramas with all the original qualities preserved as by an embalmer; they are very pretty, but quite dead. Indeed we have Caesar's word for it that Terence in particular lacked *vis comica*, the dramatic energy that made Menander's men and women live.

It is in the Epitrepontes and the Perikeiromene that we have sufficient material to show what Menander taught about the effect of love on the hitherto unregenerate masculine character. The heroes of the two plays are as different as can be conceived, and the heroines are equally far apart in station, so that we get two glimpses of Menander's work from widely different angles. In the Epitrepontes, the hero, Charisius by name, is a young man of the strictest philosophic views, one who might have been a follower after Plato's own heart, keenly interested in ethical problems, and capable of adhering to rigid rules of propriety as established by philosophic investigation.

His bride is Pamphila, the daughter of a wealthy curmudgeon, herself endowed with an instinctive loyalty and courage that put to shame the confident selfrighteousness of Charisius. The plot is banal enough. Pamphila has been violated before her marriage at a religious all-night festival, and in Charisius's absence secretly bears a son whom she exposes with trinkets, and, no doubt, earnest prayers. Charisius is informed of the fact by a talebearing slave. He is shocked and at once determines to separate from his wife. He institutes no public proceedings, but simulates a taste for extravagant vices that alarms his rich father-in-law, Smicrines. The latter would take his daughter and her dowry at once, but the daughter objects. She will not leave her husband, no matter what he does to the dowry. At this point there comes upon the scene a babe, who by intricate devices is proved to be the astounded Charisius to be his own son begotten of a fit of drunkenness and the opportunity presented by an all-night festival. Smicrines has a new argument. Pamphila cannot hope to regain her husband's affection; she has a rival in the mother of the infant that he has acknowledged as his. But Pamphila is still loyal and this time Charisius overhears what she says. The reminder of his own lapse from propriety had already broken down his philosophic selfsatisfaction and his sudden realization that he was a brute and a cad by comparison with his wife effected a transformation depicted in his own words:

'What a paragon I was! Fair fame my standard, true insight into right and wrong my sole research, my own life without a flaw, exempt from passion! Oh, fate has done well, I deserved exactly what I get. For once I betrayed the fact that I was human. You miserable wretch, so you will take a lofty tone, so you will preach? So you can't forgive your wife the wrong she suffered in her own despite? Ah, but you shall have evidence of your own failings of the same kind; and she, when her turn comes, will be gentle with you, while you are making her an outcast. The multitude shall see in you at once a boor, a loser, and a fool. What a light she threw on your intentions by what she said just now to her father: she had come to her husband to share with him the ups and downs of life; she must stay with him and face the situation. But you, like some Sir Touch-me-not, full of selfrighteousness, behaved worse than a barbarian. What will your clever schemes mean to her? Suitors will shun her, her father will misuse her—deuce take the father; I'll say to his face: "Will you, Smicrines, kindly cease to meddle in my affairs? There's no question of my wife separating from me. What do you mean by upsetting Pamphila and browbeating her".'

Before Charisius can carry out his purpose it is discovered, as was to be expected, that Pamphila is really the mother of the babe whom Charisius had acknowledged, but that is a minor episode after the crisis has been passed and Charisius has fallen completely under the spell of his wife's generous character.

In the *Perikeiromene* we are less fortunate, for our fragments preserve far more of the incidental humor of the play than they do of its main theme. Still the outline is clear. The rude blustering soldier, Polemon, has adopted as his mistress a girl of good birth, Glycera, whom war conditions have brought to the verge of starvation. He returns from the wars to find her

apparently submitting to the embrace of a fashionable would-be rake, Moschion. Now Glycera knows that Moschion is her twin-brother, who has been adopted by a wealthy lady, but the secret is not hers to disclose, for Moschion and his friends know nothing of his true origin as a foundling, and Glycera is determined to say nothing to hurt his prospects. Polemon, with military bluntness, demands an explanation, and, when Glycera has no explanation to give, draws his sword and leaves her shorn of her locks. She resolves never to forgive him the insult, and goes to Moschion's adopted mother, who gives her a refuge and sympathy. It is natural that both Moschion and Polemon should misinterpret her going for refuge to the house of Moschion's mother. But Polemon, once away, is reduced from a blustering soldier to a lover in despair. Before he learns that Glycera has left him, we hear, in the words of his sergeant, that

'Our man, just now so truculent and warlike, our man who puts a ban on women having hair, lies on his bed a-sobbing'.

Later the sergeant asserts:

'I'm within an ace of telling him I found his rival in the house, just to make him leap up and come running, except that I pity him from my heart, so wretched is my master. It's not a dream either. I saw it with my own eyes. Oh, what a rotten homecoming!'

When Polemon arrives on the scene, his despair is almost comic. If violence would serve him, nothing could restrain him, but no violence can make Glycera accept him once more as her lover. She refuses to see him and sends for her poor belongings. Polemon is frantic, and when a citizen, who is trying to make peace between them, accidentally discovers that Glycera is his long-lost daughter, Polemon has no hope whatever that in her new-found prosperity she will do aught but despise him. In his anguish he wails: 'Heaven knows I don't know what I'm saying, except that I shall hang myself. Glycera has deserted me; I'm deserted by Glycera, Pataecus'. Glycera, however, takes just the opposite view of her good fortune. She can now marry Polemon, and her father will give her a proper dowry to ensure her independence and self-respect. It was her defenseless condition that made forgiveness of the insult impossible. Once supplied with friends and money she graciously bestows herself upon the greatly chastened soldier, who has learned the worth of woman through the pangs of remorseful love. The final scene of the *Perikeiromene* is fortunately preserved to us. Polemon is talking to Glycera's maid Doris.

*Pol.* I've nothing to do but hang myself.

*Doris.* Oh, don't do that.

*Pol.* But what shall I do, Doris? How shall I live, most miserable that I am, apart from her?

*Doris.* But she's coming back to you.

*Pol.* Oh heaven, what joyful words!

*Doris.* That is, if you'll make a point of being good to her from now on.

*Pol.* I'll not neglect anything, I assure you. You're more than right. Go to her. I'll set you free tomorrow, Doris. (*Doris goes*). But let me tell you what to do. She's gone in. Oh, my angry passions, how you took possession of me! It was her brother, not her lover, that she kissed. And I, fiend that I am, smitten with

jealousy, utterly mistaking the facts, broke loose at once. And in consequence I shall hang myself, as I ought. (*Doris returns*). What news, dear Doris?

*Doris.* Good. She'll come to you.

*Pol.* Are you making fun of me?

*Doris.* Aphrodite knows I'm not. In fact, she was dressing up and parading in front of her father. Now you might well make haste and prepare a feast to celebrate the good news—it came in time of need—that her ship has come in at last.

*Pol.* By Zeus, I will. You have the right idea, and the cook from the market-place is in the house. Have him sacrifice the sow.

*Doris.* Where's the basket and the rest of the equipment?

*Pol.* He can do that part afterward. Only get the sow slaughtered. However, I'll rob some altar of a wreath and put it on. (*Does so*).

*Doris.* Anyway, you'll look a lot more eloquent that way.

*Pol.* Now bring on Glycera at once.

*Doris.* Indeed she really was just on the point of coming out with her father.

*Pol.* What, he? What will he do to me? (*Exit hastily*).

*Doris.* Mercy, where are you going to? He's run away. Was the sound of a door such a fearsome thing? I'll go in myself to lend a hand if I can. (*Exit*).

(Enter Pataecus and Glycera).

*Pat.* I'm delighted with your saying: "I'll do my part to be friends again". It's a sign of the true Greek spirit to admit his plea when you've made your fortune. But somebody run and tell him to come out. (*Enter Polemon*).

*Pol.* No, I'll come out myself. I was sacrificing in celebration of good fortune, having heard that Glycera had found once more those she desired.

*Pat.* Why, you're right. But now pay attention to what I'm going to say. This lady I bestow on you in solemn marriage.

*Pol.* And as my wife I take her.

*Pat.* With ten thousand dollars dowry.

*Pol.* Indeed I don't object to that.

*Pat.* Hereafter forget that you're a soldier, in order to avoid any rash treatment of you love.

*Pol.* Ye Gods, when I've come within an ace of perdition this time, am I likely ever to act rashly again? I'll not even hint a fault in Glycera. Only be friends, dearest.

*Glyc.* I will, for this time your wildness started me on the way to good fortune.

*Pol.* So it did, my dear.

*Glyc.* And consequently you've won my forgiveness.

Thus the play ends amid general rejoicing.

Certainly in these two plays of Menander we find a respect for woman and an appreciation of the influence of love that is unparalleled in extant Greek literature. At the most, Xenophon in the *Oeconomicus* and the *Cyropaedia* hints at the possibility of a conjugal love that is friendship plus romance. In Menander the glorification of such love and with it the tenderest homage to woman as nature created her is apparently the paramount theme. In this respect Menander surely anticipates and almost equals Shakespeare. Feminism can hardly go further in the case of a mere man. Perhaps Barrie has given us a few times the woman's view of man as a blundering egoist. His whimsicality, however, sugars the bitter dose.

There are some signs that, when women write plays, the tables will be turned and the male sex will be frankly exposed as unnatural, stupid, and perverse because they are not as women are. In this connection I may cite

two plays by Miss Clemence Dane that have recently appeared on the stage, in which men are so treated. The former of the two, *A Bill of Divorcement*, succeeded in spite of this defect in holding the boards, no doubt because the hero was assumed to be mad. When Miss Dane's second play, *The Way Things Happen*, appeared, it threw the average male critic into spasms of vituperation that cannot be accounted for by any flaw in the play. The explanation is, I think, that for the first time men appeared on the stage as women see them, and no male critic could possibly restrain his horror at the spectacle.

The mere attempt to produce a play whose male characters are heartless, inconsistent fools, mere dummies for the exhibition of woman's capabilities in the direction of self-sacrifice, is highly significant. The sole reign of man's ideals on the stage ended with Menander. If woman's point of view is destined to triumph in the future, it may be that Miss Dane's plays will serve the critics of a later day to mark the first indication of woman's domination. Then we shall need a new Menander to vindicate the rights of the male sex. As it is, we must concede to Menander the unique distinction of being the first to represent men as needing to feel the power of women and to yield to true love before they can attain either to wisdom or to felicity. In this sense, then, Menander is the most gallant champion whom Greek women found in the ranks of their natural foes.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE,  
HAVERFORD, PA.

L. A. POST

## REVIEWS

Troy and Paeonia. With Glimpses of Ancient Balkan History and Religion. By Grace Harriet Macurdy. New York: Columbia University Press (1925). Pp. xi + 259. \$3.75.

In the school of Greek religion which is represented by Gilbert Murray, Jane Harrison, J. A. K. Thomson, F. M. Cornford, and other British scholars, Professor Macurdy, of Vassar College, is the most distinguished American member. During the past fifteen years she has published about a dozen articles, each containing some new and brilliant suggestion, which trace the connection of certain features of Greek religion with the tribes of the North, especially those which are mentioned in the Homeric poems. The ideas contained in these articles she has now put together into a book. None of the articles appears in its original form. All have been worked over and expanded, and two or three new studies have been added, e.g. Chapter X, Leto (151-156), Chapter XV, The Northern Muses and Spirits of the Waters (211-224), and, perhaps, Chapter I, The God-built Walls and the Builder Gods (3-16).

The book indicates no general modification of the author's views, except in two respects. (1) In *The Classical Review* 29 (1915), 70-75, Miss Macurdy held that the Achaeans in the Trojan War represented the worshippers of mountain gods; this idea is ignored in her book. (2) Her attitude toward the Homeric

question has been slightly altered. Ten years ago she was greeted by Miss Harrison (*The Year's Work in Classical Studies*, 1915, 76) as "the new *xwpl̄sw̄a*". She now seems to regard the total contribution of the Homeric poems to our knowledge of history and religion as of more importance than questions of their authorship or stratification. For example, she refers (100) to Il. 11.514-515, without noting that verse 515 was omitted by Zenodotus and athetized by Aristarchus. Again, in *The Classical Review* 26 (1912), 250, she was inclined to regard Il. 5.401-402 as a bit of patchwork; in her book (98) she uses these verses as unqualified evidence.

The contents of the book are not easy to assimilate. Its compass is hardly large enough for the adequate treatment of the great number of new and striking ideas which it contains. One also gets the impression that the author is still hot on the trail of her quest, rather than more calmly reviewing its results from an achieved goal. The articulation of the chapters is rarely organic, and the book closes without any general conclusions. But above all it suffers from a most regrettable treatment of the necessary documentation.

In the essay, where the author's impressions are the important element, the footnote is apt to be an intruder. But in presenting, as Miss Macurdy does, a new theory, based on a large amount of evidence, the author owes his readers a satisfactory access to this evidence. In a work of this kind the documentation should be (1) full, (2) unobtrusively transparent, (3) precise, and (4) accurate. Miss Macurdy's footnotes err with respect to every one of these *desiderata*.

(1) Fulness.—Scholars and students will use this book for more than a simple reading; many of them will be interested primarily in fields other than the field of Greek religion. Hence the footnotes are not only vouchers for the author's evidence, but useful in a variety of other ways. Miss Macurdy begins by giving the reference for almost every passage used. But, as the book progresses, the omissions of references become more and more frequent. A quotation from Pliny (102) is properly located by a footnote, but a considerable citation from Dioscurides, which immediately follows, leaves the reader in ignorance of its location. Myths of four "divine healers" are discussed at length (187-189), but, except for the name of Aelian at the beginning of the discussion and that of Theocritus at the end, we do not know where to find the passages. Chapters XIII-XV are especially deficient in documentation.

(2) Unobtrusive transparency.—As the failure to follow consistently the style-sheet of any publication produces a feeling of annoyance, not to say irritation, in the mind of the reader, so consistency in the form of the footnote reference is essential to the comfort of the user of a book. This comfort is disturbed in the present book by such irregularities as the following. Strabo is cited by book and chapter, "Strabo, X, ch. 1" (48); by book, chapter, and section, "Strab., 3, 5, 11" (179); by the Casaubon pages, "Strabo, p.784" (159), "Strab. 468" (162); and again by both book and Casaubon

page, "Strabo, VII, 326" (55). The first volume of Drerup's large work on Homer is referred to first as "*Homerische Poetik*, I" (50), secondly as "*Das Homerische Problem in der Gegenwart*" (67)—its subtitle—and, thirdly, as "op. cit." (79). Only the few who have read this bulky book will know that the same volume is meant by all three references. In this connection it is to be observed that the use of "op. cit.", if unaccompanied by a cross-reference to the first citation, detracts from the value of the book as a work of reference, since there is no list of books and articles used, and the excellent Index takes no account of the footnotes. The lack of footnotes locating passages which occur elsewhere in the text, after expressions like "as has been noted already" (119) <on page 45>, "which I have cited before" (125) <on page 13>, is particularly noticeable and obtrusive upon the comfort of the reader. Both the last mentioned shortcomings often lead to actual error. So, e. g. "op. cit." is placed after the name of Gruppe (186), although the title of his work has not been mentioned. On page 38 one reads, "I have already spoken of . . . the fact that Dardanian is not employed for Trojan . . .", but no reference is given, and a repeated reading of pages 1-37 failed to locate the passage.

(3) Precision.—The time and effort of the reader are needlessly wasted if passages used as evidence are not located as nearly as possible in the works from which they are taken. Miss Macurdy's footnotes frequently, if not in the majority of instances, omit the letters which mark the divisions of the Stephanus pages of Plato, and those of the Casaubon pages of Athenaeus, e. g. "Cratylus, 404" <D> (126); "Tim., 21" <C> (185); "Axiocitus, p. 371" <A> (198). A particularly annoying instance is found on page 180: "Diels, *Fragmente der VorSokratiker*, I, p. 4". The reviewer, being interested in the thing referred to, turned to Diels (the second edition was the only edition available), and read the long page 4 several times in vain. The precise and helpful reference, which was found after much searching, is I<sup>2</sup>, page 3, 30 f. (Diels numbered the lines of his pages).

(4) Accuracy.—An inaccurate reference diverts the attention of the reader and awakens a lack of confidence. If the first references which he verifies for any reason whatsoever are found to be correct, he reads on with his attention concentrated on the author's argument, and looks up only the few in which he is particularly interested. Otherwise he is continually incited to verification for its own sake. The latter kind of verification revealed a surprising lack of careful proof-reading in Miss Macurdy's footnotes. Some errors are mere misprints, e. g. Apollodorus "II, 5, 4, 5", for II, 5, 5 (123); Pearson, Sophocles, Fragments, "III, p. 118, p. 956", for 118, Frag. 956 (210); Pindar, Olym. "7, 11, 31", for 7.11 (211). Others miss the location by a line or a few lines, e. g. Apollonius Rhodius "3, 861", for 860 (134); "Arg. <= Apollonius Rhodius, Argonautica> 2, 821; 3, 1219", for 2.823, 3.1218 (217); Euripides, "Ion, 1080 ff.", for 1075 ff., for the argument refers particularly to 1075 (223). But

often the error is far more serious, e. g. Lycophron, "Alexandra, 1842", for 1342 (109); Plato, "Legg: 10, 867", for 887 E (113); Pindar, "frag., 122", for 129, Bergk (114: the error is repeated on page 125); Euripides, Helen, "579", for 569 (134); Philostratus, Imagines, "I, 18, p. 394", for I. 17, page 353, Dübner (161).

These shortcomings are a matter of book-making rather than of scholarship. They irritate the reader, but they should not affect his opinion of the value of the author's work. Yet a careful verification of the footnotes before the final printing would have considerably strengthened the effect of the argument in the text, for a reconsideration of some of the passages would probably have led to some qualification of the statement in the argument. We take half a dozen illustrations.

(1) On page 98 Miss Macurdy is discussing the Paeonian 'Healer', and says that Hecataeus "spoke of the Paeonians as notable for their *decoctions* and *salves* . . ." (the italics are mine). When we turn to the reference (Athenaeus "XI, 447" <C>), we find that Hecataeus is quoted as saying that the Paeonians '*like other Thracians*' drink two kinds of beer <instead of wine>, and anoint themselves with butter <instead of olive oil>. That beer and butter come properly under the head of "decoctions and salves" in connection with medicine may be questioned.

(2) "... And the sinister effect of the night brings with it προκυλίσεις, lamentations, and προσκυνήσεις, entreaties,<sup>3</sup> and magic songs to prevent the sun from sinking" (113). Note 2 refers to Plato, Laws, "10, 867"; the use of an index brings us to the passage at 887 E, and we find that the speaker is arguing for the universal existence of belief in the sun and the moon as gods—a belief in which Socrates shared (Apology 26 D)—to whom prayers are addressed. It is hard to see any reference to the sinister effect of night, for the prayers are uttered at the rising, as well as at the setting, of sun and moon, and there is no hint of lamentation. That προκυλίσις means the posture of earnest supplication, rather than lamentation, is to be inferred from the use of words derived from the same root, in Dionysius Halicarnassus, Antiquitates Romanae 8.39 (at the beginning and at the end of the chapter) and 9.33.

(3) "Soph., frag. 417, Nauck; 458, Pearson.... Διεθῶντι ράιον Ζεύς ὁ ράιος βροτῶν" (153, note 1). We find the reference, finally, at Pearson, Frag. 455, and then discover that the epithet ράιος, on which the argument hinges, is an emendation—a very probable one, to be sure—by Wilamowitz (Homerische Untersuchungen [1884], 196, n. 40).

(4) "The name Adamas occurs in Theocritus for the god in the lower world" (195). A note refers to "2, 33 ff.", but the pertinent passage is 33 f.:

τὸν δ', Ἀρτεμί, καὶ τὸν ἐν "Ἄδη

κινήσαις κ' ἀδάμαντα καὶ εἰ τὴ περ ἀσφαλεῖς θλο.

That δάδαμαντα is an epithet of Pluto is by no means certain; some ancient and most modern commentators regard it as referring to 'adamant'. The second half of

the verse—to seek for no further evidence—seems to indicate this.

(5) On page 101, "Sophocles, frag. 752 (Pearson)" is cited as evidence for "the cleansing and purifying and energizing sun . . ." The fragment reads "Ηλίου . . . <δύο οἱ> σοφοὶ λέγουσι γεννητῆν θεῶν <καὶ> πατέρα πάντων, 'Sun, called by philosophers begetter of gods and father of men'. This is hardly evidence for the statement in the text.

(6) "... Laodameia in Euripides' play 'Protesilaos' makes use of a wooden or waxen image of her husband to bring him back to life . . ." (149). A more accurate, and therefore more effective, statement would be that Hyginus (Fab. 104) gives this information, and that very likely, but not at all certainly, his source was the Euripidean play.

In concluding this part of our review we wish to emphasize our remarks about the indispensability of proper documentation, by pointing out how the failure to give due attention to this matter results in an error of statement in the very field in which Miss Macurdy has made herself thoroughly at home, the Homeric poems: "To the other son, Euphorbos, Apollo gave the honor of slaying Patroclus . . . Hector only stripped him of his armor" (39–40). No reference is given to the passage in the Iliad). Here the words of the dying Patroclus (Il. 16.850) are used, not the poet's own account (818–822), from which it is of course clear that Hector gave Patroclus the *coup de grace*.

We turn with relief from the footnotes to the text, with the thought that, after all, book-making is an art quite separate from original and creative scholarship.

The contents of the book are as follows:

I. The God-built Walls and the Builder Gods (3–16); II. Tribes of the Trojan Battle-Cry: Lykians and Sarpedon (17–37); III. Tribes of the Trojan Battle-Cry: The Close-fighting Dardanians (38–56); IV. Tribes of the Trojan Battle-Cry: The Horse-taming Trojans (57–68); V. Trojan Names in the Iliad (69–82); VI. Paeonia (83–97); VII. Paeonian Sun-Worship and Medicine (98–110); VIII. Helios-Hades, Paeon-Apollo, and Poseidon (111–129); IX. Artemis the Queen (130–150); X. Leto (151–156); XI. Spinners of Pieria (157–168); XII. The Averting of Evil: The Cock, The Sun, and Amber (169–180); XIII. The Averting of Evil: Royal Names (181–195); XIV. The Hypoboreans (196–210); XV. The Northern Muses and Spirits of the Water (211–224); Index (225–259).

Professor Macurdy bases her studies on the historicity of the background of the Iliad, and argues (I) that the building of the walls of Ilios by Apollo and Poseidon for King Laomedon is a poetic interpretation of the coming of tribes of horse-raising men, either from the steppes of Russia or from Thrace. These tribes, whose gods were later identified by Homer as Apollo and Poseidon, built Hissarlik V and VI, and added the last racial element to the Trojans of the Iliad—the Dardanian strain. The 'horse-taming' Trojans and the 'close-fighting' Dardanians, and their most important allies, the Lycians and the Paeonians, were closely related to peoples of Northern Greece in culture and especially in religion (II–V). The author finds corroborating evidence of this relation in the names of the heroes who were on the Trojan side

(VI). She believes—at least such is the implication of her argument—that both the opposing armies in the Iliad were of Greek stock, or at any rate used the Greek language. The intimate connection between proper names and religious beliefs is the thread on which are strung the remaining chapters of her book. The name of the divine 'healer', Paeon, is held to be the gentile epithet of the sun-god, worshipped in Paeonia (VII). The paeony, *paeonia officinalis*, which came from the Balkan region and still grows wild there, had magic powers, and was probably the "bitter root" which Patroclus shredded to make a poultice for the wound of Eurypylus (104, 102). In Homer the 'healers', Podalirius, Machaon, and Chiron, come from Northern Greece, and words of healing are in Homer continually connected with the northern Apollo-cult. "... The verb *δέλωμα*<sup>1</sup> is used in the Iliad of healing by Paeon, by Artemis and Leto, by *Ιητροί πολυφάρμακοι*, and by Apollo" (101). The reviewer would suggest in further support of this argument that, while Glaucus prays to Apollo to heal his wound (Il. 16.523), Diomedes in a similar plight implores Athena, not to cure his wound, but to give him power to slay his opponent, and that the goddess in answer to his prayer merely puts strength into his limbs (Il. 5.115-122).

The discussion of the healing sun-god suggests the nexus of ideas which lie at the basis of the cults of Hades, Apollo, and Poseidon, and the northern affiliation of these three cults (VIII); also, of the cult of their feminine counterpart, Artemis-Hecate-Selene (IX). Leto, too, originated from moon-worship in Northern Greece. The name is a hypocoristic form of a lost original, whose cognate appears in Latin Latona (X). It refers to the darkened moon. Along with the name of Dione, another 'mother-goddess', it is of Illyrian or North Greek formation (153).

Artemis, as goddess of women, carries the golden spindle, the women's emblem. Wool and the distaff are potent in the magic of many primitive peoples. Hence the working of the wool gave rise to the names of certain female attendants on Dionysus (XI). The Kladones are the Spinners (from the Macedonian form of *ἀλώθω*, 'spin'); these and other Bacchants, the Miamallones (*μιαλλότ*, 'wool'), the Xantriae (*ξαντρίω*, 'card'), and the Lenae (compare Latin *lana*), were "the projections of vegetation magic by means of the spindle, the flocks of wool . . ." (166).

Another side of primitive religion, the averting of evil, is discussed in Chapters XII and XIII. The Greek words for 'cock' and for 'amber', and the sun's epithet, Elector, are all to be derived, says Miss Macurdy, from *δέλκω*, 'avert'. The sun drives away the evil influence of the darkness (171); the cock is his herald and also in folk-lore an averter of evil. Amber was a "powerful protection against disease and ill" (180). From other verbs of apotropaic force come the names of North Greek kings, Aleuas and Scopas. Hermes too was called *εὐσκοπός* because, like Scopas, he was the 'Protector' (192).

The Hyperborean myth is next examined (XIV). Miss Macurdy accepts the very modern explanation of

the second part of the name, which links it with a word for 'mountain' (Slavic, *gora*), but differs from the proponents of this etymology in holding—quite rightly, it seems—that the preposition in this connection means 'beyond', rather than 'above'. The Hyperboreans are Transmontani, folk of the mythical far away land to which the sun withdraws in the winter. Boreas was the wind of the mountain (210); hence arose the traditional meaning of Hyperborean. But this word at first did not signify distinctly and absolutely 'north'.

The concluding chapter (XV) identifies the Muses with dew-goddesses of fertility, who, together with the Graces and the Seasons, were attached to the cult of the moon-goddess. Later they went over to the service of the sun-god Apollo and thus came to "share with him the glory of the poet's song and music . . ." (224).

To what extent the reader will accept Miss Macurdy's conclusions will depend largely on his readiness to subscribe to certain assumptions on which her arguments are implicitly based. For example, in the etymological argument, on which she places the most stress, it is assumed (1) that the names of Homeric heroes, great and small, all—or most of them—belonged to tradition, and were not invented by the poet. This has yet to be proved; (2) that the heroes and heroines were mythical personalities which originated in nature worship, e. g. Protesilaus (148) and Alcestis (146). The Hittite inscriptions (Mittheilungen der Deutschen Orientgesellschaft, 63 [March, 1924], 1-22) awaken new doubts of this. Miss Macurdy's excellent remarks (149) in which she qualifies her assumption do not remove the impression that her conclusions are based considerably upon it; (3) that names of heroes are connected with some divinity worshipped by their family, e. g. Pyraechmes and Asteropaeus, which "suggest the nature worship of the northerners" (97), and Laomedon (117). Names, even of kings, may originate in many other ways; (4) that it is possible to explain with any considerable degree of certainty the etymology of names. To one who in this branch of philology is a layman the extent to which the etymological argument is carried casts doubt on its validity. If there is plausibility in the suggestion<sup>(77)</sup> that Hector's "full name was Echelaos" (compare Il. 5.473: the reference is given wrongly, on page 76, as 5.472), then why not accept Professor Heidel's derivation<sup>2</sup> of Hector from *Ἑκτή*, the sixth day of the week, because of the ill-luck which attended him? Again, if Anchises is "short for *δύχιθεος* . . . as 'Lover of the Goddess'" (46), is not the name of Paris to be derived from *παριάνω* (*τὴν Ἐλένην*): see The Open Court 35 (1921), 65. Miss Macurdy seems in theory to be not far from Professor Margoliouth, who holds (The Homer of Aristotle [1923], 226<sup>3</sup>) that "by the combination of passages with a liberal use of etymology, the whole of <a> myth is constructed".

In the practice of her theory, however, she is always

<sup>1</sup>Suggested in a paper read at a meeting of the American Philological Association, at New Haven, December, 1922. The paper has not been published.

<sup>2</sup>For a review of this book see THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY 18.29-30.

instructive and stimulating. Her acceptance of Caliope as a moon epithet (219), "fair-faced", rather than 'sweet-voiced', according to the traditional view, suggests the desirability of studying all the punning epithets found in Greek poetry. Her interpretation of the meaning of Trojan names points to the need of a full and objective analysis of all Homeric names and epithets. Whether the trail which she is pursuing with indefatigability leads ultimately to the truth or only into the pleasant realm of conjecture, it is a trail full of interest, and the reader will follow with pleasure that portion of it which is described in *Troy and Paeonia*.

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

SAMUEL E. BASSETT

**Latin Drill Book.** By Ernst Riess. New York: Globe Book Company (1925). Pp. v + 114.

In the Preface (v) to his Latin Drill Book, Dr. Riess declares that "The book is planned in such a way that it can be used during the second and third years, at least, possibly also in the first, for weekly or monthly reviews as well as for the summarizing and organizing of the acquired knowledge at the end of the year". It seems to the reviewer that the book will answer admirably the purpose for which it is intended.

It consists of fourteen chapters followed by the usual General Vocabularies, Latin-English (93-105), and English-Latin (107-114). Each chapter contains drill-work designed for both second and third year pupils, and additional drill-work intended for third year pupils only.

Chapter I (1-8) includes a thorough review of forms, Chapters II-VII (9-46) offer a review of syntax; Chapters VIII and IX (47-65) contain lists of idioms, and sentences illustrating their use; Chapters X and XI (66-76) have Latin passages for reading at sight; Chapter XII (77-82) contains General Questions on the life and times of Caesar and Cicero and on the Orations of Cicero that are usually read in the third year; Chapters XIII and XIV (83-90) have to do with word-formation and with roots.

The six chapters devoted to syntax follow the same general plan. First, there is a brief and clear summary of the matters of syntax under discussion. Then come three or more sets of exercises for translation. These consist of Latin sentences to be translated into English, English sentences to be translated into Latin, and "Completion Exercises". The "Completion Exercises" contain Latin sentences in which there are blanks that are to be filled by the pupil with some form of a suggested Latin word or words. The content of the sentences is interesting and they furnish something of a review of the content of the Latin authors on which they are based. It is noteworthy that the author has so arranged the sentences that those based on Cicero's Orations are in the latter half of each set.

The two chapters dealing with idioms seem to the reviewer particularly valuable. Dr. Riess is, probably, quite right in suggesting in the Preface (iv) that "many teachers fail to lay sufficient emphasis on this part of the school work". Perhaps we should have done better along these lines if we had had, before, these convenient lists.

The passages presented for sight reading (five pages for each year) are well-chosen; they are neither too long nor too numerous.

The General Questions in Chapter XII, especially those based on Cicero's Orations, are excellent. They are brief and to the point, and provide a good review of content.

Chapter XIII provides 289 examples for drill upon Latin word-formation. Finally, Chapter XIV gives 37 Latin roots, each followed by its meaning in English, and illustrated by several Latin and English words in which it appears.

ALBANY COLLEGE  
FOR TEACHERS

L. ANTOINETTE JOHNSON

P. Ovidi Nasonis Fastorum Liber III. Edited, With an Introduction and Commentary, by Cyril Bailey. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press (1921). Pp. 141. 3 Illustrations.

Professor Cyril Bailey's edition of Ovid, *Fasti*, Book 3, is a text-book for undergraduates who are not simply 'taking Latin', but are proceeding along the path of classical scholarship. It is, accordingly, not so much a running commentary as a manual of reference about a definite field, with the Latin text as the chief instrument.

A brief Preface and an Introduction (7-51) give the necessary literary information, and prepare the student for the difficulties of extracting information about religion from an author who was impressed but not touched by the observances which he described. There is an excellent sketch of the development of Roman religion from the veneration of natural objects, through animism, to the worship of *numina*. Then we are told (15) that "In the popular religion the effect of Greek influence may be summarized in the change from *numen* to *deus*". Due notice is given to "'the religion of the poets'" and "'the religion of the philosophers'" (17-19). "... the method of these earlier antiquarians, proceeding on Graeco-Roman lines <with which> Ovid completely identified himself" is described (19-24), and one is introduced to the "three kinds of inquiry, examples of which meet us again and again in the *Fasti*" (19). For a discussion of the three—etymology, Euhemerism, and the aetiological legend, see pages 19-24. Then come a treatise (25-47) on The Roman Calendar, and, finally, a notice of manuscripts and editions of the *Fasti* (47-51).

The editor acknowledges his large obligation to W. Warde Fowler's book, *The Roman Festivals of the Republic* (London, Macmillan, 1899), and is obviously and naturally much influenced by Frazer. One wishes that some notice had been taken of Ridgeway's caution against the danger of relying too much on the doctrine of vegetation spirits as explaining early myths.

Both Introduction and Notes, besides possessing the qualities of wise selection and good judgment, give the impression of lively interest on the part of the editor. This, added to the intrinsic fascination of the text, makes the book a stimulating and valuable addition to the list of texts which will foster the taste for scholarship as well as provide necessary material.

THE LOOMIS INSTITUTE,  
WINDSOR, CONN.

J. E. BARSS

#### PLINY THE ELDER'S USE OF VOLO

The use of *volo* by Pliny the Elder about which Professor Axtell asked for information, in THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY 19.174, is that of the modern Greek *thelo* as the sign of the future, with a tincture, at times, of the idea of necessity. The Romance languages took the necessity side in *habeo*; English took both the will and the necessity in the confusion of *shall* and *will*. The Latin gerundive has the same ambiguity. In modern French and Italian there are parallels in the use of *voglio* and *veux*. Pliny was probably borrowing from the folk-language.

NEW YORK CITY

R. C. MACMAHON